

The Rutherford Star.

"BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT AND THEN GO AHEAD."—DAVY CROCKETT.

VOL. VI.

RUTHERFORDTON, N. C., APRIL 13, 1872.

{NEW SERIES.} NO. 21.

Professional Cards.

SELECTED POETRY.

Sunbeam Love.

A darling little infant
Was playing on the floor,
When suddenly a sunbeam
Came through the open door,
And, striking on the carpet,
It made a little dot;

The darling baby saw it,
And crept up to the spot.

His little face was beaming
With a world of perfect joy,
As if an angel's presence
Had filled the little boy;
And with his tiny finger,
As in a fairy dream,

He touched the dot of sunshine,
And followed up the beam.

He looked up to his mother
To share his infant bliss;

Then stooped, and gave the sunbeam
A pure, sweet baby kiss.

O Lord, our heavenly Father!

In the fullness of my joy,

I pray that childlike feeling

May never leave the boy;

But in the days of trial,

When sin allureth the youth.

Send out the light to guide him—

The sunbeams of thy truth;

And may his heart be ever

To thee an open door,

Through which thy truth, as sunbeams,

Make joy upon Life's floor!

Aunt Tabitha.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

Whatever I do and whatever I say,
Aunt Tabitha tells me that isn't the way:

When she was a girl (forty summers ago)

Aunt Tabitha tells me they didn't do so.

Dear aunt! if I only would take her advice!

But I like my own way, and I find it so nice!

And besides, I forgot half the things I am told;

But they all will come back to me—when I am old.

If a youth passes by, it may happen, no doubt,

He may chance to look in as I chance to look out;

She would never endure an impudent stare,

It is horrid, she says, and I mustn't sit there.

A walk in the moonlight has pleasures, I own,

But it isn't quite safe to be walking alone;

So I take a lad's arm,—just for safety, you know,—

But Aunt Tabitha tells me they didn't so.

How wicked we are, and how good they were then!

They kept at arm's length those detectable men,

What an era of virtue she lived in!—But stay—

Were the men all such rogues in Aunt Tabitha's day?

If the men were so wicked, I'd ask my papa

How he dared to propose to my darling mama;

Was he like the rest of men? Goodness! Who knows?

And what shall I say, if a wretch should propose?

I am thinking if Aunt knew so little of sin,

What a wonder Aunt Tabitha's aunt must have been!

And her grand-aunt—it scares me how shockingly sad

That we girls of to-day are so frightenedly bad!

A martyr will save us, and nothing else can;

Let me perish—to rescue some wretched young man!

Though when to the altar a victim I go,

Aunt Tabitha'll tell me she never did so!

GRAND JURY STORIES.

Col. T. W. Knox, in *Scribner's* for March, has an article on the famous New York Grand Jury of which he was a member. We quote from it as follows:

Not many days after we were convened, a case that touched the heart of every man in the room was brought before us. A young girl had been accused of theft; a few dollars in money had been stolen; it was found in her possession, and she had made partial confession. The complainant was a woman, and the accused had been in her employ. When the case was called the woman entered the jury room and was sworn by the foreman. She took the chair assigned to women, and the foreman questioned her.

"Did you lose some money?" "Yes, sir."

"When did you lose it?" "On the first day of December."

"Who took it?" "The girl named in the complaint."

"How do you know she took it?" "I found it in her possession, and she confessed taking it."

"That will do; you can go." But the woman kept her seat, and moved her hands uneasily. "You can go," said the foreman again, but she did not start. A juror sitting near the door rose to show her out, and as he did so the woman said:

"I do not wish to press the complaint. I want to withdraw it, and have the girl released."

"Why so?" asked the foreman. "Because," and her voice began to choke, "because the girl is young and I do not wish to ruin her. Somebody else urged her to steal the money, and I think she will do better in future. If I send her to prison she may become a professional thief, but if I give her a chance she will be a good girl. She is an orphan and has no friends, and I want to be her friend. I know she is guilty, but I want to be merciful, and I beg you to be merciful, gentlemen."

Half her utterance was drowned with tears, which flowed rapidly down her face. The foreman told her to step outside and he would call her again in a few moments, and inform her of the result of her eloquent appeal. "Be merciful, gentlemen," were her last words as she closed the door.

It was voted to dismiss the complaint, and when the foreman called her to the room, told her of the result of the vote, and commended her for her kindness of heart, her tears flowed afresh, and she thanked us through broken sobs. I know that in that room more eyes than hers were wet—eyes not accustomed to tears.

But soon a discussion arose as to the propriety of our action. When the Grand Jury was impaneled, the following oath was administered to the foreman.

"You, Lucius S. Comstock, as Foreman of this Grand Inquest, shall diligently inquire and true presentment make, of all such matters and things as shall be given you in charge; the counsel for the People of this State, your fellows and your own, you shall keep secret; you shall present no one from envy, hatred, or malice; nor shall you leave any one unrepresented through fear, favor, affection, or hope of reward; but you shall present all things truly as they come to your knowledge, according to your understanding: So help you God!"

And to the other members the following oath was administered:

"The same oath which your Foreman has taken on his part, you, and each of you, shall well and truly observe and keep on your part: So help you God!"

Some of the jurors thought we had no right, under our oath, to show favor, no matter how strong might be the appeal to our sym-

pathies. Every man in the room wished to be lenient, but at the same time, above all other things, wished to do his duty. The discussion resulted in our sending for the District Attorney and asking his advice.

After hearing the case, he said there was a difference of opinion as to the power of a Grand Jury. "You can undoubtedly," he continued, "exercise your discretion in certain cases, and act as you think is for the best interests of society. It is both right and proper that the Grand Jury, and also the District Attorney, should be clothed with a discretionary power, as it frequently happens that they can do more good by exercising it than by following the strict letter of the law. I will give you an illustration: Some years ago, the case of a young man charged with embezzlement was placed in my hands to prosecute. His employer was determined to push the case; he was rather ugly about it, and there seemed no other course than to prosecute. The young man was out on bail, and came to me to beg to be let off. He said he was guilty, and should so plead; that he had an invalid sister, and with the utmost economy on his small salary he was unable to support himself. He knows that this was no excuse for his theft, but he took the money under great temptation, and did not realize the enormity of his offense until after he had committed it. 'You can send me to the penitentiary,' he said, 'and nobody can blame you; but will ruin me for life, and bring disgrace upon my parents and sister, who do not know that I am charged with crime. If I can be released and the matter hushed up, I will faithfully promise to do better in future, and think this will be a life-long lesson to me.' He pleaded so earnestly that I promised to do what I could for him. I sent for his accuser, and urged him to withdraw the charge. At first he refused, but I laid the case before him in such a light that he at last consented. And I then urged him to take the young man back and give him a new trial, and after much talk I succeeded. The complaint was withdrawn, the young man was restored to his position; in a little time his salary was increased; by and by the firm dissolved in consequence of the death of one of its members; the young man went to another house, proved himself worthy of confidence, and to-day he is a member of that house, and as honorable and upright as any business man in New York. He has never forgotten, and will never forget, that lesson. If he had gone to the penitentiary his worst fears would have been realized. When an offender is young, the offense is a first one, and the offender appears penitent, it is entirely proper for you to exercise leniency by dismissing the complaint; and in the case now before you, gentlemen, you have been entirely right in your action."

As the District Attorney ended his remarks there was a round of applause, in which I am very certain every member of the jury participated. Those who had been most doubtful of the propriety of our action were heartily glad that their doubts were not well founded.

We often omit the good we

might do in consequence of thinking about that which is out of our power to do.

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SAVE THE MANURE.

MESSRS. EDITORS: A good deal is lost in farming, by a want of economy in saving manure. A first-rate farmer will be as economical of his manures as of his bread. He will save carefully whatever tends to enrich the soil, and there is no telling the amount of fertilizers which might be saved by a little attention; that are lost for the lack of it.

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THE STAR.

R. W. LOGAN. A. D. K. WALLACE.
LOGAN & WALLACE,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.
SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1872.

A REQUEST.

The undersigned requests that a list of the delegates appointed to the State Convention, be forwarded to him at the earliest possible moment. It will facilitate business very much. A list of the County Executive Committees appointed by the County Conventions should be forwarded also. Republicans will please take notice of our request and act accordingly.

Republican papers will please copy and keep this notice standing until the 17th day of April.

J. C. L. HARRIS,
Sec. Rep. State Ex. Com.
Raleigh, N. C., March 1, 1872.

DISTRICT CONVENTION.

There will be a Convention of the Republicans of the Eighth Congressional District, at Asheville on Saturday, the 18th day of May next, to nominate a candidate for Congress. The Republicans of every county in the District are earnestly requested to hold meetings and send a full delegation to the Convention.

By order of the "District Executive Committee."

J. E. REED, Ch'm.
R. W. Logan, Sec'y.

STATE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

The time is near at hand for the meeting of the State Republican Convention, to nominate candidates for Governor and other State officers, and ere another STAR makes its appearance in the Western horizon, the die will have been cast for the *weal or woe* of the Republican party in North Carolina. The Convention will meet in the city of Raleigh next Wednesday, April 17th, and we do not hesitate to say that the deliberations of this Convention, will be of greater importance to the Republican party in this State than any political body that has ever assembled in North Carolina in the interest of that party.

The Republican party has never had a better prospect in this State, if the advantages are wisely used, than at present; neither has there ever been a time in the history of the party in this State, that by reckless bad management defeat would be more certain.

It is too late to prophesy what the deliberations of the Convention will be, but we do make this earnest appeal to the delegates to the Convention—keep the interests of the Union Republican party paramount in your deliberations, and not personal advantages. Let your sole aim be, to put in nomination for the different offices, honest, competent, true and tried Republicans, and our word for it, the ticket will carry by a majority of twenty thousand next August.

WHISKEY.

The Congressional Ways and Means Committee have decided to report a bill to consolidate the tax on whiskey at sixty-five cents per gallon, and make the tax on tobacco uniform at twenty cents per pound. The onerous provisions now in force relative to the distillation of grain, will be removed, and all who desire to engage in the manufacture of spirituous liquors, can do so. The only revenue to be collected by the government will be the sixty-five cents on each gallon.

It is to be hoped that this bill will pass at once. It will simplify the liquor laws very much, and raise more revenue for the government. The uniform tax of twenty cents on tobacco will be of great advantage to manufac-

tures, and will raise additional revenue. Our Representatives in Congress will be derelict in their duty if they do not support this bill.—*Era.*

We have no doubt but that the passage of the above bill, by Congress, would very nearly if not actually double the amount of revenue paid into the treasury from the whiskey source. We know that it would treble it in the Southern States, and besides, we think that some such law should be passed anyhow, for the reason that the present revenue laws in relation to the distillation of whiskey are, in many respects, unjust and unequal. The man who runs a small copper still, and only makes from five to ten gallons per day, is required to pay the same special tax as the man who runs a large distillery, and makes a thousand gallons per day. In fact, the special tax is so great that the common distiller can not pay it, and it therefore makes a monopoly for the capitalists, and entirely deprives the poor man of the right to still.

THE ERA.

We are very much pleased to note the marked change in the tone of the *Era* since the withdrawal of Mr. Hanes from the editorial management of the paper. The *Era* is at present under the management of J. C. Logan Harris, and has a Republican ring about it that is refreshing to those who so much disliked the long-winded, stale articles of Mr. Hanes. There can be no doubt of the true republicanism of the present editor of the *Era*, and judging from the very great change he has already made in the editorial management of the paper, we may put the *Era* down, while under his control, as a substantial spoke in the Republican wheel, and also a bold defender of the men and principles of the Union Republican party.

MEETING OF THE CONGRESSIONAL DIST. EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

According to the plan of organization, adopted by a meeting of the Republicans of the 8th Congressional District, at Asheville, on the 8th day of January last, a portion of the chairmen of the several county Executive Committees assembled at Asheville on Saturday, the 6th day of April, 1872, when the following proceedings were had:

On motion, the Executive Committee of the 8th Congressional District was temporarily organized, by electing J. E. Reed, Esq., of Buncombe, Chairman, and R. W. Logan, Esq., of Rutherfordford.

On motion, a Convention of the Republicans of the 8th Congressional District was called, to meet at Asheville on the 18th of May next, for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Congress.

On motion, the committee adjourned, to meet at Asheville on the 18th of May, 1872.

J. E. REED, Ch'm.

R. W. LOGAN, Sec'y.

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

Harper's Weekly says: "The party which by its subserviency to slavery disgraced the honor of the American name, and by its tacit sympathy with the rebellion aided the blow aimed at the national life; which sowed the seeds of the demoralization in our policies which all good citizens deplore; which would have reorganized the Union with the heel of the rebel States upon the negro, which four years ago declared reconstruction unconstitutional and void, and pronounced for virtual repudiation; the party which for a generation has pandered to ignorance and resisted equal rights; which reviled General Grant in the field as a butcher, and denounced him in the Cabinet as corrupt—now, in the sure prospect of his renomination and re-election, declares that it has no chance of success whatever under its own name."

CORRESPONDENCE.

For the *Star*.
MESSRS. EDITORS: My attention has been called to the last number of the *Vindicator*, in which I believe there are about three local notices of the arrest and trial of Wm. Guthrie, before the United States Commissioner, for conspiracy and complicity in the raid on Rutherfordton last May.

The *Vindicator* says that the evidence against Mr. Guthrie is about like that against all respectable persons. Now this assertion of the *Vindicator* has caused me and others to consider what that paper means. Does it intend to say that Mr. Guthrie is a guilty man of the charges? We can not believe that the *Vindicator* intends to so charge him, as it would be hard for him to turn against his friends in this way; but if he does not mean this, he makes the charge that all who have made confessions of their connection with the Ku Klux, and he is probably defeated by Chas. R. Cutter, the Democratic candidate, by a small majority; although the scattering votes may throw the election into the Legislature, when the Republican candidate will be elected.

The Journal has returns from all the towns in the State except Black Island, footing up as follows:

For Governor—Seth Padelford Republican, 9,385; Olney Arnold, Democrat, 8,228.

For Lieutenant Governor—Pardon W. Stevens, Republican, 8,432; Charles R. Cutter, Democrat, 8,729.

The Senate will stand, 26 Republicans, and 11 Democrats; and the House, 53 Republicans, 17 Democrats, and 3, no choice.

FROM CONNECTICUT.

HARTFORD, April 3.
The Senate is fifteen Republicans to six Democrats, and the House one hundred and thirty Republicans to one hundred and eleven Democrats. The Republican majority on a joint ballot is twenty-eight, a Republican gain of three on a joint ballot over last year.

LATEST FIGURES.

NEW HAVEN, April 3.

The revised figures at the Palladium office, compiled from the returns from every town in the State, and which can vary but slightly from the official vote, show Jewell's plurality to be just 2,000, and his majority over all is 74. Hubbard's minority is 3,926.

DEMOCRACY AS WE FIND IT.

The truth that the principal numerical strength of the present Democratic party is found in the ignorant, vicious and lawless classes of society, finds its best illustration in New York city. The thieves, rioters, mobocrats and murderers of that metropolis stand in solid phalanx in the Democratic ranks. Go into the dens of vice, the haunts of pollution, the hells, the rioting stinking, filth-covered streets of that city, where windows are stuffed with rags, where the doors hang upon single-hinges, where the blasphemy of friends and the cries of murder make night hideous, and the votes will be found to be solidly Democratic. Why is this? It is because these men have a plank in the Democratic platform; between them and the Democratic party there are cords of sympathy and bonds of fraternity. To such men the Republican party is a repulsion; would it apologize for the State's printing fraud; or would it again concoct a flimsy excuse, and remain silent? *The News* of yesterday declines to denounce Democratic fraud and stealing, because there is no name at the head of this paper as Editor! Fie upon such journalism!

A Democratic paper whose stock in trade is fraud and speculation of Republicans, that has not the independence and manliness to denounce fraud and stealing when perpetrated upon the State by its leading party friends, is fit representative of that party whose temporary lease of power in this and other southern States, is due to the murders and outrages committed by Democratic Ku Klux.

Silence gives consent. *The News* apologize for the State's printing fraud by remaining silent, when called upon to denounce it.—*Era.*

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Remarks of the N. Y. *Herald*:

"Connecticut establishes the fact that the lines of the Republican party remain unbroken around the Administration, and that the bolters will be as powerless against the re-election of Grant in 1872 as were the bolters of 1832 against Jackson, or as were the malcontents of 1864 against the re-election of Lincoln. Your disappointed politician is an old customer, and the American people have learned his tricks and know how to deal with him, whatever the fancy costume in which he may appear."

The first we will celebrate with ceremonies becoming the occasion, and in terms, as near as possible commensurate with the lives and glories deeds of our fal-

ELECTION NEWS !!

FROM RHODE ISLAND.

PROVIDENCE, April 3.

The Rhode Island election was held to-day, and aroused more than usual interest, owing to the fact that about 3,000 Democratic registered voters had their poll tax paid, for the first time in two or three years. The result, however, was the election of the Republican State ticket, except Lieutenant Governor.

An especial issue was made against the Republican candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, Pardon W. Stevens, the present incumbent, because of his alleged connection with the trap fishing, and he is probably defeated by Chas. R. Cutter, the Democratic candidate, by a small majority; although the scattering votes may throw the election into the Legislature, when the Republican candidate will be elected.

The wood manufacture, in the ten years under review, only double its capital and added but eighty-four per cent, to its number of operatives, while increasing fourfold its annual production. The carpet manufacture tripled its production while it decreased its capital twenty per cent, and its amount of labor twenty-five per cent. A host of smaller industries grew up under the shadow of these leading interests, spool cotton, balmoral skirts, dress trimmings, wires, steel, augurs, bits, planes, gimlets, files, lamps, corsets, hoop skirts, paper collars, &c. Each of these branches of manufacture launched out into an independent existence, and each found a growing demand for its products. The wants of the community will ever outrun the productive capacity. This tendency to expansion of industry is one of the hopeful signs of our civilization.

But we are not only enlarging our production, but also our necessities and demands. The American people live better than any other people in the world. We make more money than any other people, and we spend it more freely. This quickens the circulation of the community and gives increased activity to society. This development of a higher social life has taken place within the last ten years, marked by Republican rule. The results of that policy are established by facts and results of the most undeniable character. The people understand it. Democracy has been compelled to hide its diminished head. Certain soreheads, disappointed Republican leaders have judged this opportunity of corrupt ambition, and have attempted to seize with their followers to the beaten Democracy, hoping thus to organize a dominant party competent to take the place of the great Republican party in working out the social problems of the nineteenth century. This is a fatal blunder, but fortunately it is so absurd that it has no chance of success. The Republican party has yet a glorious work before it, and will not falter in its prosecution.—*Wash. Chron.*

DEMOCRATIC UNIONISM.

NEW YORK, April 3.

We present the following extracts as a fair sample of the love which organs of the Democratic party have for the Union:

WHAT EVERY HORSEMAN WANTS.

—A good cheap reliable Liniment. See our article in *Tobias' Horse Liniment*. Bottles at one dollar. For Lamens, Cuts, Galls, Colic, Sprains, &c. better than any other. Sold by the druggists.

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sets, in 1865, produced fabrics valued at \$54,436,881, being an increase, in ten years, of \$23,296,343, or 108 per cent; yet the capital increased in that time only four per cent, while the number of hands employed was actually reduced 11,109. Each dollar of capital produced three times as much as it did ten years before, while the actual value produced by each operative rose from \$751 to \$2,299 per annum. Yet this did not reduce the amount of capital employed in manufactures nor the number of operatives. The surplus capital and labor found new avenues of employment.

The wood manufacture, in the ten years under review, only double its capital and added but eighty-four per cent, to its number of operatives, while increasing fourfold its annual production. The carpet manufacture tripled its production while it decreased its capital twenty per cent, and its amount of labor twenty-five per cent.

A host of smaller industries

len chieftains, and the blessed memories of our worshipped confederacy. The latter we will make as lively as was the skedaddle of Yankee soldiers through those classic battle-fields. Let the North take theirs and welcome them to our selves. We will accept the *Item's* proposition on the above basis.—*Daily News*, Griffin, Georgia.

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THE STAR.

RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

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Special notices charged 50 per cent higher. Local notices 15 cents a line.

Agents procuring advertisements will be allowed a commission of 25 per cent.

Our friend and townsman, Mr. J. C. CLENDENIN, having procured the agency for that popular and valuable journal, "The People's Literary Companion," will commence his tour through the Western part of the State next week, taking subscribers and distributing premiums. Mr. CLENDENIN is an honorable and worthy citizen, and we bespeak for him the patronage of our friends in the West. His paper and premiums will speak best for themselves.

We have reliable information that the work of laying the iron on the W. C. & R. R. from Cherryville towards Shelby, will actually commence in a few days. This is good news, indeed, and we hope it will not be long until the cars will be running to Shelby, which will be a great advantage to our county, but we hope the work will go on until we can hear the whistle in Rutherfordton.

BROKE JAIL.—We are unfortunate in losing prisoners from our jail. Four more of the criminals confined in jail at this place, made their escape last night. They were all colored men. Two of them, Jerry Thompson and York Latimore were charged with the murder of Sam Martin; the other two were charged with larceny.

RUTHERFORDTON, N. C., April 9th, 1872.

MESSRS. EDITORS: Will you please publish the following appointments of delegates for the county at large, as made in accordance with the resolution of the Republican meeting held at this place on the 25th ultimo, viz: Martin Walker, John Carrier, A. Mconey, J. M. Allen, Sr., and Col. R. W. Logan.

Respectfully,
J. B. CARPENTER, Chmn.

Editorial notices are so common that it is almost impossible for an editor to express his honest opinion of the merits of any article with out being suspected of interested motives. This fact, however, shall not deter us from saying what we think of a new addition to the *Maria Medica* to which our attention has been recently directed. We refer to Dr. J. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA VINEGAR BITTERS, a remedy which is making its way into more families just now than all the other advertised medicines put together. There seems to be no question about the potency of its tonic and alterative properties, while it if possesses the great negative recommendation of containing neither alcohol nor mineral poison. That it is a specific for Indigestion, Biliousness, Constipation, and many complaints of nervous origin, we have reason to know; and we are assured on good authority that as a general invigorant, regulating and purifying medicine, it has no equal. It is stated that its ingredients, (obtained from the wilds of California,) are new to the medical world; and its extraordinary effects certainly warrant the conclusion that it is a compound of agents hitherto unknown. If popularity is any criterion, there can be no doubt of the efficiency of the VINEGAR BITTERS, for the sale of the article is immense and continually increasing.

The Cincinnati Conference and its Elements—Let the Republicans attend in a Body.

The lines are being drawn closer and closer in the Presidential canvass. New Hampshire, instead of terrifying the anti-Grant men, seems to have given them a new existence. Mr. Trumbull has avowed his allegiance to the new movement. Mr. Schurz has been in sympathy with it for a long time. Mr. Greeley, with an effort to retain his consistency, as amusing and as sincere as the efforts of Donna Juha in Byron's epic to preserve her honor, avows that he will go to Cincinnati if he can have his own way on the tariff question. In other words, if a convention of free traders will say nothing about free trade, he will assist in the election of a free trade candidate like Trumbull and the defeat of a protectionist like Grant. Tipton will be there in a bowing condition. Fowler and Ross, having been turned out of the Senate for voting against their party, will attend in the most revengeful temper. There is a rumor that Andrew Johnson will be present, with the constitution in a fine state of preservation. And, over all, we are informed officially, Charles Sumner will preside, and perhaps, deliver a two or three days' speech.

Now we are far from ignoring the strength of the character of these gentlemen or belittling their movement. It is possible, as Mr. Greeley says, that the Cincinnati Convention will nominate the next President of the United States. We say this is possible, but not probable. We are anxious that the Convention should not meet under false pretences. We do these men the justice to believe that they would not assemble in any convention without a definite purpose and the hope of establishing a definite principle. The purpose is plain enough. It is "anybody to defeat Grant." But what is the principle? Mr. Sumner wants civil rights and disenfranchisement. Mr. Schurz desires amnesty, while Mr. Fowler would be far from regarding a negro as the equal of a white man. Mr. Greeley yearns for protection, while Mr. Cox would prefer free trade. There is no existing political principle that will not have friends and opponents in his Convention. The platform, or indeed any platform, that will meet the wishes of such a Convention, will be as negative in its way as the platform adopted by the Convention which nominated Bell and Everett in 1860. That convention assembled to defeat Lincoln, and was itself defeated, and, having erected a platform without principles, it came back from the people without any votes.

We understand the position of Mr. Sumner to be that General Grant has quarreled with his associates in the administration of the government and cannot therefore expect to retain the confidence and support of the thoughtful men of the party. Mr. Sumner, as the Amiable Statesman, running upon a platform of Universal Harmony, is as odd a figure as governor Geary, of Pennsylvania, dissolving partnership with an agent who robbed the Treasury of three hundred thousand dollars to proclaim himself "the elder brother of reform." No man in public life has shown as much impatience and anger and irritability of temper as Mr. Sumner. His career as a Senator is a succession of quarrels. He quarreled with the old Southerner, but that was pardoned to his radicalism and patriotic devotion to freedom. But when his party came into power he continued to quarrel. He quarreled with Lincoln on the Louisiana Reconstruction question, with Mr. Johnson for his "whitewashing" message about affairs in the South, with General Grant for removing Mr. Motley for incompetency as English Minister. He quarreled with Fessenden constantly, and often honored the Senate with a public display of temper. He quarreled with Foster of Connecticut and contributed to his defeat in Connecticut, and with Clark of New Hampshire, refusing to allow a single resolution of thanks to be passed for his services as presiding officers by the declaration that he would make a public assault upon Mr. Clark in the Senate if it were offered. His quarrel with Mr. Trumbull was so long and bitter that we question if they can keep the peace at Cincinnati. The quarrels with Edmunds and Hamlin, and Conkling and others, might be recited to show that the man who bitterly complains of what he calls General Grant's disposition to petulance has really been the most quarrelsome and impatient Senator in public life. Mr. Sumner, as the Amiable Statesman, is no less grotesque than Mr. Trumbull as a

reformer and Mr. Schurz as a dispenser of patronage.

As the latter, when he came into the Senate, his clamors for office and patronage were so incessant that his colleagues felt he was exacting. Here is a man who has been in office ever since he began his English grammar, who has been honored far beyond his years and deserts, who never made a political speech for which he was not well paid, who used his nationality as an argument, who has settled in as many States as the most nomadic carpet-bagger in the South, who failed in the diplomatic service, in the army, as an editor and as a Senator, until he made a desperate effort at recognition by betraying the party which honored him and becoming a malcontent. Is this the man to lead the party against Grant? Are the American people to disown and overthrow the great soldier whose genius gave our armies victory and whose name fills the world—whose administration has preserved the peace, strengthened the credit, given protection and justice to all classes and managed affairs with honesty and economy—are the millions of brave soldiers who followed Grant's flag to victory, or even of the brave Southerners, who surrendered to his valor, only to find magnanimity and kindness—those the citizens of the country, in whose history the name of Grant must live for ages, to seriously abandon him because Mr. Sumner is angry, and Mr. Greeley is dissatisfied, and Mr. Trumbull would like to be President, and Mr. Schurz has no more patronage, and to obey the mandates of a conclave of malcontents, whose only principle is office, and who have no grievance but what comes from their temper, their vanity or their disappointed ambition?

What the friends of Grant should do is to go to Cincinnati. We are told it is to be a "conference" of republicans. Well, if it is to be a "conference," let the republicans attend in a body. There is no reason why it should not be a full conference. Let Cameron and Morton, and Carpenter and Conkling, and the rest of the leaders, with their followers, go to Cincinnati and "confer." It will do them no harm. The Queen City of the West is noted for its beauty, its hospitality, its delicate native wines, and corn fed pork and belligerent newspapers. Let there be a fair "conference," with the party fully represented. Mr. Sumner can make his oration, Mr. Schurz can repeat his devotion to that German government which was anxious to hang him twenty years ago, Mr. Fenton can shake hands with everybody, Mr. Greeley can tell what he knows about farming, Mr. Trumbull can recite his experiences as a politician and his conversation two years ago, and the *Herald* will see that the orations and debates are well reported. The confidence over, nothing will remain but for the "conference" to take the sense of the Convention, and nominate Ulysses S. Grant for re-election. This will be a good ending for Cincinnati, a good beginning for Philadelphia, and an auspicious opening of what promises to be the most exciting and important canvas since that of Tippecanoe and Tyler too, over thirty years ago.

WHO?

We, in our last issue, called the attention of the people to the fact, that unprincipled traitors to the Republican party were foisting themselves into notice as candidates for re-election to the positions which they have dishonored by foul treachery, and disgraced by public and private immorality. Some of the men who have held positions of trust and influence against those who gave it to them. The people want no more such unprincipled traitors. They call upon their best men to accept the nominations for, and election to, the several offices to be filled. The constitution of the United States requires that the highest positions in the National Government shall be filled only by men who have attained certain ages, thereby aiming to secure for those positions men of ability. The same principle should obtain in the election of candidates for all offices where ability, intelligence and experience are necessary qualifications. Competency for the position should be an unfailing requisition. No man should be nominated for any position who is not qualified for that position. The higher the position, the greater should be the compe-

tency of the candidate. The business man who should entrust his business to a common laborer would soon become bankrupt, and the people who elect ignorant and unqualified men to offices of trust are in equal danger of sacrificing their prosperity and their liberty. Experience of life and business as well as age in years are necessary. Youth and inexperience are not to be trusted.

We invite our readers to consider these points in selecting their candidates, and let wisdom and the best good of the greatest number guide their choice.—*New Bern Courier*.

THE DUTIES OF THE HOUR.

We are soon to be called upon to enter another political canvas—a canvass, that to be successful to the Republican party, must be managed wisely, conducted energetically and with a full sense of the important measures depending upon it. In view of these facts, it becomes us to lay aside our individual preferences, and unite upon such of our political leaders, as have been tried, and stood the tests required of them.

Our party have had to carry too many dead weights, and what we now need is, to rid ourselves of these drawbacks and put in nomination only such men as command respect in any intelligent community. No one thing has so greatly retarded the growth of our party, as placing in competent men in offices of honor and trust, and this one thing is what we must guard against in the coming campaign. We urge this course at the present time, and are certain that if properly carried out, success will crown our efforts. The result of the late elections should teach us not to place too much dependence upon the flighty estimates of politicians, but look the facts squarely in the face, and go into the canvass with the idea that we have a wary and energetic opposition to fight.

Recognizing these facts then, sound policy tells us that we must bring out our best men, for each and every position, no matter how unimportant that position may be. See to it Republicans, that you "PUT NONE BUT GOOD MEN ON GUARD."—*Republic and Courier*.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BAR-ROOM!!

A GOOD AS-ORTMENT OF PURE LIQUORS, WINES, CIGARS, TOBACCO, &c., &c., always on hand at WILLIAMS' BAR ROOM, in the basement of the Planters Hotel, North of the Court-house.

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3875 A MONTH to sell out Universal Cement, Combination Tunnel, Batton Hole Cutter, and other articles. Saco Novelty Co., Saco, Me.

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LIFE OF JAS. FISK.

Brilliant Pen Pictures of the Sights and Sceneries of New York.

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Biographies of Vanderbilt, Drew, Gould and other R. B. magnates. All about JOSEPH MANSHARD, the siren and Edward S. STOKES, the assassin, octavo of over 500 pages, profusely illustrated. AGENTS WANTED. Send \$1.00 for outfit, and secure territory at once. Circulars free UNION PUBLISHING CO., Chicago, Ill., or Phila.

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"I had Catarrh, and was totally deaf from it 15 years. I have now Catarrh, and have my hearing, the result of using One Dollar Packet of Dr. Hyatt's Inza. Miss Malvina Piercy, 183 Division St., New York, 4w

A plain truth-statement that Catarrh in many hundreds of cases, some existing over forty years, has been permanently cured by the use of a One Dollar Packet of Dr. Hyatt's Inza, a vegetable, mild and soothing remedy. Send \$1.00 for Medicine and advice to Dr. R. F. Hyatt, (dep't of the celebrated Hyatt's Late Balsom,) 246 Grand St., N. Y. By mail free. Test sample on receipt 20cts

20cts

HOW THE MINISTER CURED HIS HORSE.

"Well," said Reuben, the story teller, "father always wanted a horse because the folks in Greene live scattered, and he had so far to go to attend funerals and weddings, and visit schools, you know; but he never felt as if he could afford to buy one. But one day he was coming afoot from Hildreth, and a stranger asked him to ride. Father said, 'That's a handsome horse you are driving. I should like to own such a horse myself.' 'What will you give for him?' said the man. 'Do you want to sell?' says father. 'Yes, I do, and I'll sell cheap, too,' says he. 'Oh, well,' says father, 'it's no use talking, for I haven't the money to buy with.' 'Make me an offer,' says he. 'Well, just to put an end to the talk, father says, 'I'll give you \$75 for the horse.' 'You may have him,' says the man, as quick as a flash, 'but you will repent of your bargain in a week.' 'Why, what ails the horse?' says father. 'Ails him? He's got the "Old Nick" in him, that's what ails him,' says he. 'If he has a will to go, he'll go; but if he takes a notion to stop, all creation can't start him. I've stood and beat that horse till the sweat run off me in streams. I've fired a gun close to his ears; I've burnt shavings under him. I might have beat him to death and roasted him alive before he'd have budged an inch.' 'I'll take the horse,' says father. 'What's his name?' 'George,' says the man. 'I shall call him George,' said father.

"Well, father brought him home, and we boys were mightily pleased, we fixed a place for him in the barn, and curried him down and fed him well, and father said, 'Talk to him, boys, and let him know you feel friendly.' So we coaxed and petted him, and the next morning father harnessed him and got in the wagon to go. But George wouldn't stir a step. Father got out and patted him, and we boys brought him apples and clover-tops, and once in awhile father would say, 'Get, up, George,' but he didn't strike the horse a blow. By-and-by, he says, 'This is going to take time. Well, George, we'll see who has the most patience, you or I.' So he sat in the wagon and took out his skeletons—"

"Skeletons?" said Poppet, inquiring.

"Of sermons, you know. Ministers always carry round a little book to put down things they think of when they are off walking, or riding, or hoeing in the garden.

"Well, father sat full two hours before the horse was ready to start; but when he did, there was no more trouble for that day. The next morning 'twas the same thing over again, only George gave in little sooner.

"All the while it seemed as if father couldn't do enough for the horse. He was round the stable, feeding him and fussing over him and talking to him in his pleasant, gentle way, and the third morning, when he had fed, and curried, and harnessed him with his own hands, somehow there was a different look in the horse's eyes. But when father was ready to go, George put his feet together and layed his ears back, and wouldn't stir. Well, Dove was playing about the yard, and she brought her stool and climbed up by the horse's head. Dove, tell what you said to George that morning?"

"I gave him an awful talking to," said the little girl. "I told him it was perfectly ridiculous for him to act so; that he'd come to a real good place to live, where everybody helped everybody; that he was a minister's horse, and ought to set a good example to all the other horses, and God wouldn't love him if he wasn't a good horse. That's what I told him. Then I kissed him on his nose."

"And what did George do?" "Why, he heard every word I said, and when I got through, he felt so 'shamed of himself, he couldn't hold up his head; so he just dropped it till it 'most touched the ground, and he looked as sheepish as if he had been stealing a hundred sheep."

"Yes," said Reuben, "and when father told him to go, he was off like a shot. He has never made any trouble since. That's the way father cured a balky horse. And that night, when he was unharnessed, he rubbed his head against father's shoulder, and told him as plain as a horse could speak, that he was sorry. He's tried to make it up to father ever since.

PRAYING FOR RAIN.

Faith works wonders. At Orange church, in a dry spell, some years ago, the Rev. Mr. R. conferred with some good old Elders, in the evening, and they all agreed if they wanted rain, they must pray for it. So they went into the old meeting-house and prayed an earnest prayer, and down the rain fell in heavy torrents, and before they went in, not a sign of a drop was there. But at another meeting when there was a slight dryer 'spell,' Mr. R. asked the elders to pray, and when they were all assembled, an old brother got up and said: "Brethren, hadn't we better inquire if we are all ready for rain?" The motion was agreed to, and the Moderator put the question, when to the surprise of all, an old gray headed elder sitting way back in the corner got up and said he: "Mister Moderator, I'd like if we could put it off till morning."

"Why, what in the world does the brother mean?" asked the Moderator, "talk of putting it off?" when the people are starving for rain?" "Well," said the old Elder, "you see I've got a little hay out yet that I aint took in, and it mought get wet!,"

Brother R. said that though it was in a prayer meeting, he felt like "taking a stick to that old man."

HAPPY FACES—HOW TO KEEP THEM SO.

Carry the radiance of your soul in your face. Let the world have the benefit of it. Let your cheerfulness be felt for good wherever you are, and let your smiles be scattered like sunbeams "on the just as well as on the unjust."

Such a disposition will yield you a rich reward, for its happy effects will come home to you and brighten your moments of thought.

Cheerfulness is a duty; it makes the mind clear, gives tone to thought, and adds grace and beauty to the countenance. Joubert says, "When you give, give with joy and smiling."

Smiles are little trifles, cheap articles, to be fraught with so many blessings both to the giver and receiver—pleasant little ripples to watch, as we stand on the shore of every-day life. They are our higher, better nature's responses to the emotions of the soul.

Let the children have the benefit of them; those little ones who need the sunshine of the heart to educate them, and would find a level for their buoyant natures in the cheerful, loving faces of those who lead them.

Let them not be kept from the middle-aged, who need the encouragement they bring.

Give your smiles also to the aged. They come to them like the quiet rain of summer, making fresh and verdant the long, weary path of life. They look for them from you who are rejoicing in the fullness of life. Be gentle and indulgent to all. Love the true, the beautiful, the just, the holy; in short be cheerful, and you will have a happy face as long as you live.

THE RIGHT SORT OF RELIGION.

We want a religion that goes into the family, and keeps the husband from being spiteful when the dinner is late, and keeps the dinner from being late; keeps the wife from fretting when the husband tracks the newly washed floor with his muddy boots, and makes the husband mindful of the scraper and the floor mat; keeps the mother patient when the baby is cross, and keeps the baby pleasant; amuses the children as well as governs; projects the honey moon, and makes the happy hours like the Eastern fig tree, bearing in its blossoms and the glory of the ripening fruit. We want a religion that bears heavily, not on the "exceeding sinfulness of sin," but on the exceeding rascality of lying and stealing; a religion that banishes small measures from the counters, small baskets from the stalls, pebbles from cotton bags, clay from paper, sand from sugar, chicory from coffee, butter from butter, beet juice from vinegar, alum from bread, strychnine from water, from milk cans and buttons from the contribution box. The religion that is to save the world, will not put all the big strawberries at the top and all the bad ones at the bottom. It will not offer more baskets of foreign wine than the vineyards ever produced bottles, and more barrels of Genesee flour than all the wheat fields of New York grow and all her mills grind. It will not make one half a pair of shoes of good leather, so that the first shall redound to the maker's

credit, and the second to his cash.

"It will not put Jouvin's stamp on Jenkins kid gloves, nor make Paris bonnets in the back room of a Boston milliner's shop, nor let a piece of velvet that professes to measure twelve yards, come to an untimely end in the tenth, or a spool of sewing silk that vouches for twenty yards, be nipped in the bud at fourteen and a half, nor the cotton thread spool break to the yard stick fifty of the two hundred yards of promise that was given to the eye, nor yard wide cloth measure less than thirty-six inches from selvege to selvege, nor all wool dainties and all-linen handkerchiefs be amalgamated with clandestine cotton, nor coats made of woolen rags pressed together to be unsuspecting public for legal broad-cloth.

It does not put bricks at five dollars a thousand into chimneys it contracted to build of seven-dollar materials, nor smuggle white pine floors that have paid for hard pine, nor leave yawning cracks in closets where boards ought to join, nor daub ceilings that ought to be smoothly plastered, nor make window blinds of slats that can not stand the wind, and paint that can not stand the sun, and fastenings that may be looked at, but are on no account to be touched. The religion that is to sanctify the world they built. It does not consider that forty cents returned for one hundred cents given is according to the gospel, though it may be according to law. It looked upon a man who has failed in trade and who continues to live in luxury as a thief. It looks upon a man who promises to pay fifty dollars on demand with interest, and who neglects to pay it on demand, with or without interest, as a liar."—Congregationalist.

AN UP-COUNTRYMAN'S EXPERIENCE IN A SAVANNAH PARLOR.

The Lawrenceville, (Ga.) *Gazette* has the following humorous reminiscence of the recent Agricultural Convention in Savannah:

We cannot resist the temptation to tell a rather amusing incident which occurred in Savannah during the session of the recent Convention.

The Convention was invited by Mr. Green, President of the Chamber of Commerce, to a party at his residence on the first evening of the session.

As a matter of course everybody went. Mr. Green lives in a splendid mansion, fitted up with the elegance of a prince. His large parlors were beautifully ornamented with paintings, statuary, etc. At one end of the large double parlor was a very fine mirror extending from floor to ceiling. One of our up-country delegates, after looking through the two parlors, though he saw another parlor with a crowd in it, and concluded to walk in. When he got near what he thought was the door he noticed a gentleman approach him coming out of the room, when he very politely stepped to one side to let the gentleman pass, but the approaching gentleman equally polite, stepped to the same side he did, when our up-country friend politely bowed at the same time, remarking, "I beg your pardon, sir." His astonishment can be readily imagined, when his nose came in contact with the glass and a loud roar laughter greeted him on every side. Our up-country friend quietly retired to one corner, saying he did not see anything to laugh at. If any gentleman desires to get an old fashioned fight on his hands, all he has to do is to enquire of this delegate; whether he made any "new acquaintances" in Savannah.

THE RIGHT SORT OF RELIGION.

A lady school teacher in Omaha, having an inordinate dread of the small-pox, sent home a little girl because she said her mother was sick and had marks on her face. The next day the girl presented herself at the school house, with her finger in her mouth and her little bonnet swinging by the strings, and said to the teacher: "Miss—, we've got a little baby at our house; but mother told me to tell you that it isn't catching." The teacher said she was very glad, and told her pupil to take her seat.

An editor whose subscribers were remiss in payment, lately published the following announcement in his paper: "To save our readers the trouble of sending their subscriptions by post, and to relieve two unfortunates, we shall send to each of our debtors, in the course of a few days, two collectors, one of whom has hardly recovered from the small-pox, and the other of whom has just taken the itch." The delinquents did not wait to be called upon, but paid their dues promptly.

A fact for the festive board—There can be but little harm in "drinking like a fish," so long as it is borne in mind that fishes have but two gills.

Young men! be thorough, self-respecting, upright and modest, and people will find you out and become your friends, in sufficient numbers for all your interests. When you have found them, stick to them. There is a sweet and uncommon pleasure in saying of any true man, "We have been friends for twenty years."

A drunken man is a greater monster than any that is to be found amongst all the creatures which God has made; as indeed there is no character which appears more despicable and deformed in the eyes of all reasonable persons than a drunkard.

A story is told of a rustic youth and a buxom country girl who sat facing each other at a husking party. The youth, smitten with the charms of the beautiful maiden, only vented a silly look, and now and then touching Patty's foot under the table. The girl determined to make the youth express what he appeared so warmly to feel, bore with these advances a little while in silence when she cried out: "Look here, if you love me say so, but don't dirty my stocking."

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Transparent and clear as crystal, it will not soil the finest fabrics—perfectly safe, clean and efficient—desideratum long sought for and found at last!

It restores and prevents the hair from becoming gray, imparts a soft, glossy appearance, removes dandruff, is cool and refreshing to the head, checks the hair from falling off and restores it to a great extent when prematurely lost, prevents headaches, cures all humors, cutaneous eruptions, and unnatural heat. As a dressing for the hair it is the best article in the market.

Dr. G. Smith, patentee, Groton Junction, Mass. Prepared only by "Procter Brothers," Gloucester, Mass. The genuine is put up in panel in bottle, made expressly for it, with the name of the article blown in the glass. Ask your Druggist for Nature's Hair Restorer, and take a three cents stamp to Procter Bros. for a Treatise on the Human Hair. The information it contains is worth \$50.00 to any person.

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